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out on the Galilean meadows. There did not seem to be any glory upon him who did not have where to lay his head. The stones did not shine under his feet. The Cross was a symbol of shame. But he was God's great glory standing among men, the sovereignty of love crowned with the sovereignty of sacrifice.

It is this sovereignty that shall draw all men to him. It is fatherhood expressed in sonhood. It is the golden chain that shall at last bind humanity about the feet of God. And it does not bind us and subdue us to its blessed slavery, because it has rumbled and flashed around the dome of the sky, but because it has wept in a Gethsemane and died on a Golgotha.

THE NEW FORUM AND THE OLD LYCEUM

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Did you ever attend a forum? If so, you have your own opinion about it. Perhaps you attended only an ordinary Sunday evening service with a new label. That is not a forum. You do not preach in forums—you discuss. You expect the people are watching what you are saying and will have a chance to come back with a question or a protest. Perhaps here lies the reason why some forums fail. The speakers are not really open-minded. They are not ready to discuss really vital subjects, and, most of all, if they are accustomed to the safety of a pulpit, they do not know how to present matters in such a way as to appreciate a critical listener.

The happiest set of people that I have lately seen was in a Sunday evening forum. The atmosphere was like that of a reunion of friends. In token of sympathy and approval a ripple of applause broke out upon the silence at the conclusion of the prayer. On this evening the clock never loiters on its way to ten, and when its two hands are together there, the leader comes to the edge of the platform, and, after a moment's pause, in token of the prevailing good feeling, dismisses the large company with the words "Good night," which are taken up in remote parts of the house, "Good night," "Good night," "Good

night." A chairman for a forum is born, not made. He gives the boat a good push from the shore and then takes the tiller. A misfit here is fatal. He has generalship, a gift which nature sometimes plenteously bestows, but more often withholds. He is a person having both force and friends. He knows the front door to the human heart. He sounds the dominant note, gives the key, elevates the feeling, excites expectation, like Julius Caesar is "in the midst of things," controls the situation and projects his individuality. No leader, no forum—this is fact number one. Followers soon take on the traits of a leader

of ability and distinction. When you know a captain you see his company; a regiment is the counterpart of its colonel; an army will take vital character from a Nathaniel Greene, a Stuart, or a Sheridan. The maker's name is on the handle. A forum is not merely an audience, it is a spirit. Its pet aversion is dulness. Ancestral worship, which once brought to the Chinese a form of national paralysis, does not fit a forum's needs. Wit and entertainment are not here given the place that was accorded them in the old lyceum. The mood and atmosphere are different. Anything academic, merely historical or cultural or exegetical, of what Jefferson said, or Hamilton meant, or Edwards taught, is more welcome elsewhere. The speaker must have a message—this is fact number two.

Keeps the Middle of the Road

A stump speech is never heard. None of the fiery soap-box orators of the street corners are permitted to harangue the audience. Use is made only of crowned and recognized talent. There are no risks, no seconds, no maiden efforts. Nothing is amateurish. A boy who saw crêpe on a door said there must be "deadness" in the family. So far from this, a forum instead of sending all zealots to the rear, brings to the front all the enthusiasts who feel and care and who give life and force to a movement, provided strictly that they strive lawfully and play according to the rules of the game. What shall be done with men who adhere to their little beliefs and obstinacies very much as the Chinaman carries his little joss to every corner of the earth and as Rachael

had her sacred images always by the tent as she journeyed? These men are like the ancient mariner who must declare his woe. A man who has the measles is in an unpropitious condition unless they "come out." The patient is watched until the thing with which he is afflicted shows itself on the surface. So with a man obsessed with an idea; when he states it, it becomes objective to him and he sees it reflected at different angles. A faddist, in a rut, follows only a furrow, where a little cross plowing, the very thing that the question hour supplies, is needed. Stop an intelligent citizen on the street and ask him what he supposes to be the essentials of a forum and he will probably say an accessible place of meeting on neutral ground, rather free from ecclesiastical staidness and association, a master of assemblies for leader, and a large cosmopolitan community in which are many individuals with certain ideals touching Americanism, particularly democracy. Not so! Your man does not stand quite high enough to get a sidewise look at a forum. The secret of all success is inherent in this: The members must be made to feel interested in each other—this is fact number three. At this all the leaders aim in the Hungry Club, of Pittsburgh; in the Sunday Evening Club, of Chicago; and in such sample forums as are found at Houston, Texas; Manchester, New Hampshire; Melrose, Massachusetts; Toledo, Ohio; Kansas City; and Bellows Falls.

Not the Cave of Adullam

Men are not like ships that pass in the night. Detached persons cannot make a nucleus for a Sunday evening forum.

A man thought to gain a swarm of bees by catching them, as he had opportunity, one by one. But individuals do not make a hive; they have no relationship, no bond of unity or existence. They must have a queen, a form of co-operation, and together become a colony and be an entity. They must first create a union before they can develop *esprit de corps*. While a principle like this has always been true, its practical working is doubly obvious during these last few years of social revival. One motive for attendance is fellowship, one and another going because some others go, who are a lodestone. Now, just as a person who would study colonial architecture turns to the John Hancock house in Boston, or to the Nichols and Cook-Oliver residences in the older settlement of Salem, so to enjoy a forum one can best observe the great prototype on some Sunday night in Ford Hall, a tall, stately building, having the semblance of a bank and standing adjacent to the State House in Boston. Here is the central sun, whose brightness gloriously appears, amid diverse conditions, in nearly two hundred reflected lights. The Ford Hall Forum is not a sort of home for the friendless and the socially non-elect. It represents a serried array of white-collared men. George W. Coleman, alert, magnetic, giving the impression of vigor, vitality, and sincerity, also of having forces that he has no expectation of using, rises and opens the meeting with the calmness and precision of a man of affairs and of a member of the Boston City Council. Here is the modern St. George, who sets forth to destroy a mighty dragon that menaces the life of the common people. His promptness

and his fairness, and his facility and felicity in making the articulations of the service are manifest. At every point he seeks to advance the thought and the good feeling of the occasion. On ascending the platform some chairmen begin to reach for a small mallet to begin a clatter. He makes no use of the gavel. He does not put his audience under the ferule like school children. He does not come to them with a rod. He requires no insignia of his authority. He is more inspirational, creative, and constructive than the presiding officer of the old lyceum, the pride and boast of every community, in its halcyon days ever became. In the old lyceum at the last it grew to be a custom not to introduce well-known, well-advertised speakers, excepting chiefly John B. Gough, whose popularity outlasted that of all his contemporaries, and whose early obsession was a mild form of stage fright, causing him to insist upon being introduced in order to give him a moment to get hold of himself and to take the measure of his audience.

Back to Sunday Night

If a tendency exists to abandon the Sunday-night meeting I am against it. There is but one great vital question before the Christians today and that is: what shall we do with our Sabbath evenings? Ford Hall always expects to be full. The doors separate a large inspiring company into two parts, as those without often equal those within. In the old lyceum at Salem, as the great hall was not large enough for the audience, the lecture given on Tuesday night was repeated on Wednesday evening.

The orthodox formed the habit of coming together Tuesday night and the Unitarians attended on Wednesday evening. But in the street in front of Ford Hall the overflow stands in close formation and is called the "bread line." This feature did not escape the all-seeing eye of the press, and the newspapers have become the forums' best ally: "Standing room only"; "Hall full"; "Oh, let us in though late"! "Too late, too late, ye cannot enter now." Thus tarries outside, at times, a sort of reserve audience, anxious to be present in the second hour when the speaker is plied with questions. Lectures at Chautauquas and before women's clubs do not furnish this electrifying reaction. At the end of the first period, when some of the commuters must drop out to reach their trains, all those who have waited patiently fill up the empty spaces. "Sometimes," once remarked an intelligent Japanese, "we express our feelings in Japan—opinions we have none." It is different in a forum. It is often conjectured that the question hour will be monopolized by the prophet of protest, the apostle of everything that begins with "non," or "in," or "contra," or "anti," who would want a different picture thrown upon the canvas before the eyes of the company. Such is not the event. The question in every case is taken up and repeated by the director of the meeting, who limits each person to one question, thus admitting no surplus discussion and scattering any running fire. The chairman designates the section of the house from which the question may come. "Tonight we will begin with the gallery on my right." Thus many ideas are advanced before

the heat that exists in spots is reached, and then it is but a step across. Wherever there is a big immigration a forum should exist. It does for those coming to America just what the old lyceum did for those who had earlier reached these shores.

The Years Have Passed—There Remains a Memory

In the old lyceum the question was addressed by the listener directly to the lecturer. Not until 1826, twenty years after the lyceum was introduced into this country, was there an interchange of lecturers at Millbury, Massachusetts. Not one rod of railroad existed for their use. The country towns were themselves social centers, not having been drained into the cities, nor impaired to meet the demands of manufacturing centers. The communities were isolated and each had to furnish its own light and entertainment. In the lyceum at Salem, from 1830 to 1845, native Salemites delivered 127 of all the lectures. The most intelligent and ingenious members of the community supplied the home talent. Individuals who had completely mastered some subject and could speak upon it with generally recognized authority met all public expectations, and, at the close of an address, any man like Mr. Holman, the universal objector, had more swing than the forum affords, as members of the lyceum could ask the lecturer to make certain points more obvious, and thus arose the questionnaire. During this period maps, specimens, apparatus, and products were often exhibited. When Essex County, Massachusetts, had twenty-six towns, it

had twenty-three lyceums supported respectively almost wholly by their own townsmen. Women had not then come to their own. A lady could not in early days buy a ticket of admission to the Salem Lyceum, which had 853 lectures in its first fifty years, unless introduced by a gentleman. Anna E. Dickinson, the oratorical Joan of Arc, with her far-famed invective, had not then changed the vote of Vermont and been reckoned in lyceum circles with the great triumvirate, Gough, Beecher, and Phillips, as one of the "Big Four." There were thirty lyceums in Boston alone. In his town Emerson lectured ninety-eight times, and Thoreau nineteen times, and all without pay. Concord's lyceum, being one of the first, projected 784 lectures, 105 debates, and 14 concerts, the last of these being in 1870. The woman's club in many communities is rapidly becoming substantially a lyceum course. This is not only suggestive, it is ominous. It was not dependent originally on importations of talent. The interest that was felt and developed was in one another. The entertainment came up out of the life of the members. Many of the lectures now given would be enjoyed by mere men. The clubs are too large to meet in a home. To go into a hall means lectures. When in cities a woman's club house is obtained—the unique social purpose of the organization is restored. The original Chautauqua idea stood for courses of study, textbooks, and, in part, education at home. But we find here, as in all evolution, a reversion to type, and in many of the widely scattered Chautauquas the lyceum idea in the ascendent with

lecturers and others so slated as to make the circuit.

Carried to the Zenith of Another Glory

The forum has the very proper rule that the speaker must steer clear of the Scylla and Charybdis of both religious and political contentions. This rule was affected by the old lyceum, and all volcanic subjects were interdicted. It was observed for nearly thirty years, but in the late fifties the great apostles of reform conferred not with flesh and blood. It may be doubted if that galaxy that gave the lyceum its unexampled prosperity and brilliancy would ever have attained such glory had they trimmed and counted their lives dear unto themselves. They were denied the newspapers; not until 1856 were lyceum lectures adequately reported. This gave the early lecturers occasion to carry their messages to different communities instead of having the newspaper, after their first efforts, do the work for them once for all. There are, however, thousands of topics used in the new forum and in the old lyceum which, if shaken together in a hat, could not be redistributed into the two classes except as guided by a certain dignity and demureness detected in the statement of those which were used in the old lyceum. Tailors use the same cloth and the same sewing, but the difference in garments is in the cut.

Gentlemen of the old school stand revealed by such lyceum themes as these: "Traits of the Times," "Alleged Uncertainty of Law," "The Mutual Relations and Influences of the Various Occupations of Life," "Phariseeism,"

"Injustice of History to the Common People," "Have We a Bourbon among Us?" "Sectional Prejudices." The educational and cultural benefits of the old lyceum are beyond estimation.

Reflex Influence of Lyceum Oratory

One could not travel through Massachusetts forty years ago without detecting its spirit. It had its survival in the real eloquence that was often let loose in the town meeting. A considerable portion of the school boy's education was early devoted to public declamation. The end of the term in school and academy was given to an "exhibition" of it. Oratory suited the public taste. Lyceum Hall, Lynn's ancient forum, standing at the corner of Market and Summer streets on the present site of Odd Fellows Hall, rang with free-soil and anti-slavery eloquence. All paths led to it. The people crowded its gates. No small amount of history can be traced to it. When a man is working for a reform he instinctively tries to get at the ear; the eye gate is second choice. It may be the agitator is so called because he so loved to agitate the atmosphere. He is in accord with the eminent Dr. Rush, who said:¹ "The perfection of the ear as an avenue to knowledge is not sufficiently known. Ideas acquired through that organ are much more durable than those acquired by the eye." The lyceum germ found then a fertile soil. But as our death flies to us with our own feathers, so what was best in the old lyceum became its undoing. When the business instinct usurped its management the lecture was standardized. Its talent, its popu-

larity, its effectiveness were capitalized. For each of his first lectures John B. Gough averaged less than a dollar. His first established fee was eight dollars. "Let me handle this thing," said the bureau, "and it will be a good thing for us both." Mr. Beecher for one lecture was paid a thousand dollars. His biographer states that not less than a million dollars were received by him for his public services. In the years 1874-87 he delivered more than twelve hundred lectures. The lecture became profitable, not only to the toplineers, but to the managers. That title, "Star Course," is full of sad suggestions. Most money was made on star speakers, who eliminated the element of uncertainty, and so things narrowed and centered into a star course. Henry M. Stanley, having found Livingstone, earned \$287,070 with 110 lectures. Other attractions paled before it. The expense became enormous and prohibitive, involving a risk and to all managers a burden which neither our fathers nor we were able to bear. A general reliance was placed on John B. Gough to make up what was lost on other speakers.

Regard for the Loaves and Fishes

The lyceum now went, not with the lecture end, but with the business end, foremost. When the parsonage needed to be repaired, or the church painted or the chapel required a piano, a lecture course was plotted to which tickets were not bought, but to which tickets were sold by an active every-member canvass. The first one hundred dollars ever paid for a lecture was given to

¹ *Essays C.P.*, p. 47.

Daniel Webster by the lyceum in Salem. But the honorarium was not wages, nor was it thought of or handed out as such. It was a personal tribute like the gift of a silver set, after one of his speeches, from Amos Lawrence. Neither the hundred dollars nor the silver set stand to the orator's credit in the estimation of his biographers, for they always point out as one of his two great faults his readiness, like General Grant, to receive presents. Now the forum is not exposed to the mercenary evil that broke the lyceum down. There is to be no worship of the golden calf. No admission fees and no collections make the rule. The money is supplied by funds

and friends. And in the old lyceum's golden age there were not as many lecturers as are now heard before the new forums, the commercial clubs, the many existing country and small-town lyceums, the numerous Chautauquas, and the women's social, charitable, and upward-influence organizations. The glory of Israel has not departed. The country has not gone sterile of orators. Four thousand persons among us live chiefly by lecturing. The lyceum, with present-day revivals, makes a splendid page of inspirational history. It is distinctively American. Indeed, one of our ex-presidents calls it, the "most American thing in America."

HUNTING LITERATURE WITH A SPIRITUAL CAMERA

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Literature is a path all too little trodden by spiritual leaders. Especially do preachers find it hard to read anything that is not immediately connected with next Sunday's sermon. That is why they so soon pump out their intellectual wells. Dr. Phelps comes to this obvious truth from a new angle and with new interest.

A modern physiologist tells us that two-thirds of the brain is devoted to the motor centers, and only one-third to the reflective centers. He argues from this that our system of education has misplaced the emphasis by devoting itself almost exclusively to the minor area. But, as a matter of fact, the reflective faculty is the more important. Reflection precedes and dominates action in

the material world. We think too little. We act without reflection. Meditation is a lost art. More reflection would have made less deflection. The symbol of St. Augustine's meditations was a burning heart in an outstretched hand. If there were more burning hearts, there would be fewer heart-burnings.

Folded eyes, said Elizabeth Browning, see farther than open ones ever do.